The
COMMONWEAL

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The Atlantic Charter

THE suggested war aim revision called for by Professor B. Stein in the Soviet *War and the Working Class* raises a swarm of pertinent questions. There are indeed two and very possibly three of the eight points in the Charter with which it is difficult to square Russian plans for Poland and the three Baltic States: no aggrandizement, territorial change by express wish of the populations involved and form of government meeting with popular approval.

The portions of the article reported in the American press attempt to meet the discrepancy by striking out in several disparate directions. To begin with, Professor Stein emphasizes the change in the military situation that the last three years have produced. Just as the bold demand of "unconditional surrender" no longer has the same force which it had in the days when Allied prospects were so somber, so too, he argues, the terms of the Atlantic Charter must also be revised in the light of the current situation. Agreed, if basic war aims can be equated with mere matters of military tactics.

War and the Working Class also harks back to the lack of protest against the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia at Munich—to contrast that supineness with the protests from many democratic quarters over the plan of handing East Prussia to Poland as compensation for the eastern districts the Soviets want. The familiar "two wrongs" pattern.

Further, the article as reproduced here alleges of formerly Polish Ukraine and White Russia and of the three Baltic States: "the territories . . . joined the USSR . . . as a result of a real popular desire of the peoples in the western Ukraine, White Russia, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia." If this be true, why should the Soviets object to a genuine plebiscite conducted under international auspices? Why do the Soviets insist on settling the question solely by themselves and persistently claim that the matter is closed? If they are substantially in the right, why do they oppose adjudication of the dispute?

The American excerpts from the Russian article do not bring forward the one unassailable argument in the case. That is the extreme likelihood that before long Soviet armies will be in full possession of the lands now in debate. Who would attempt to dislodge them by force?

If we contrast the openly maintained Russian claims—for part of which there is some argument—with the secret treaties which came to light at Versailles, there should be less reason today for disillusionment. At the same time there is a good deal to be said for making our Atlantic Charter claims less sweeping. Possibly one approach would be to define our war aims more specifically in relation to areas—such as Western Europe, the colonies of Africa, Asia and the Indies, the Axis powers, etc. False justifications for territorial claims and false assertion of principles honored more in the breach than their observance are equally to be avoided. Perhaps limited aims faithfully adhered to are preferable to the most idealistic program to which the Powers have no intention of adhering. Yet it is no simple matter to establish the point at which concessions of detail must be made in order that substantial justice in a whole settlement may be attained.

Luigi Sturzo

ON MAY 19 Don Luigi Sturzo will have been a priest for fifty years, and when a man has been a priest that long he is usually in a parish somewhere, for not all priests become bishops, archbishops and cardinals, and his friends gather round him, the children he baptized and who have been to a war and have come back from a war, the families he has counseled through the years, the people of the town, of the village, whom he has represented at the altar through the years, they gather round him, they bring him gifts, there is a celebration. A quiet celebration, a family celebration. That is the way it usually is; a man

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has been a priest for fifty years. "Laetificat juventutem meam . . . " and that youth is still there but the youth that men see is no longer there; there is an old man with the dignity of age, and his friends about him and even if he has travelled he is quiet now at home, with his friends about him and the landscape he knows.

But Don Sturzo is in exile. His country is devastated, his friends are scattered, his task incompleted; there is no way he can rest, there is no way that he can say it is someone else's turn now, no garden outside a rectory in which he can walk in the sunlight while the fields and the vineyards ripen in the early Italian summer. Don Sturzo is in America, far from home. Don Sturzo is fighting for the freedom of the Italian people as he has fought for that freedom all his life. Justice and freedom for the Italian people. That is what he has pursued all his life. When the Popes spoke about justice and freedom in the social order he set forth to lead the Italian people, the peasants and the workers, toward the achievement of these ideals, the putting of them into practice. Don Sturzo went into politics, he founded a political party, the "Partito Popolare," because if everything was clear on paper, it remained to make things work, to make justice work, in practice, through legislation, and, consequently, through political action and votes. This was no German Center Party; it was not the Church's party; it was a party in which Catholics, conscious of their duties toward the political and economic life of their country, brought their ideals and their strength into immediate and positive action. Don Sturzo and the Popular Party won the respect of every decent Italian political leader. When fascism was forming, the Popular Party never compromised. Don Sturzo never compromised. When fascism triumphed, Don Sturzo and the Popular Party were defeated—clearly, entirely, with no period of lingering, doubt and bargains.

We are far away from Italy and we make an attempt to think of the Italian peasants, the Italian people, but, after all, the only people who can speak for a country are those individuals who strike our imagination, whose voices we hear. We judge nations by those who speak for nations. For years now we have judged Italy by the tyrant who ruined Italy, and by those who stood by and allowed him to lead Italy into catastrophe. But now the voices of those men are silent and there is the voice of Don Sturzo which is still speaking. We can hear it now. Italy is regaining the friends she lost as we listen again to this voice speaking the same words it has always spoken, the words justice and freedom.

On this fiftieth anniversary it is we in America who will surround Don Sturzo, replacing his Italian friends, those innumerable Italian friends of his who still are imprisoned, to wish him well. An old man who has been a priest for fifty years, an ambassador of the new Italy, an Italy which is the prolongation of an ageless Italy, the worthiest ambassador of an Italy which shall live in freedom and justice.

Quota for India

THERE are at present before the House of Representatives two bills to permit the naturalization in the United States of nationals of India, and to establish a quota for Indians on the same basis as was recently done for the Chinese. For the same reasons as those which led THE COMMONWEAL to advocate a reform in our immigration laws for the benefit of our Chinese allies, we likewise strongly urge the passage of these bills in the interests of Indians. There is no reason why quotas should not apply to all immigrants; but beyond all argument, absolute exclusion and the absolute refusal of naturalization run counter both to Christian principle and to good public policy.

Our Shipyards and Colleges

TWO current items relating to Negroes should interest those concerned with their welfare. The OWI has just issued a careful survey of the employment situation in our shipbuilding industry. As everyone knows, this industry has expanded almost beyond belief on account of the war. Total employment has increased 888.9 percent since 1940. In the same period, non-white employment increased 1,463.2 percent. But what is most encouraging of all is the fact that in many of the shipbuilding plants, Negroes have been upgraded so that they now are paid on the same basis as whites and do work fully as skilled as that done by whites. This we conceive to be genuine progress.

At about the same time, the United Negro College Fund sent out a very well prepared brochure appealing for funds to keep these Protestant institutions going and to enable them to expand. One cannot deny that there is a relationship between the two phenomena. The college fund appeal must lead a Catholic to wonder when it will be possible for the Church to point to any such achievement in Negro education. We still have only one Negro college, and many of our colleges and universities are marked by their inhospitality to students of the colored race.

N. B.

IN connection with his Jubilee, Don Sturzo desires that it to be known that whatever gifts are sent to him will be forwarded, as soon as permitted by the authorities, to his friends in Italy in order to promote and advance the growth of Christian Democracy. Don Luigi Sturzo may be addressed at 2274 81st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Words and Bombs

YOU always ask for more than you can get but that does not mean that you are not glad to get what you are given. The campaign against obliteration bombing has brought about one or two results which are worth noticing but maybe that is all wrong; maybe the campaign and all the writing and the speeches and the debate had nothing to do with what is now happening. Maybe the pacifists and the non-pacifists, the sensible and the too sensitive people who objected to the bombing of non-combatants and to the bombing of homes and monuments just did a lot of talking and what is happening now would have happened anyway. Maybe the whole argument has taken place on a plane that could not affect the conduct of the war; maybe the governments and the generals were not influenced at all; maybe they were.

In one way it looks as if they might have been interested in public opinion, as if they had decided that public opinion might be affected by the protests of a very small minority; it is hard to see why they should have worried but maybe they were. Or maybe they were just enlightened or had always been enlightened and were not telling us about it for fear that they would sound like pacifists. However that may be it is curious that the newspapers have stopped telling us about the effects on German civilians of area and obliteration bombing. You read the newspapers and the whole story is about targets. The targets are listed. The whole story is about targets and the wearing down of the German Air Force. The whole story is a strictly legitimate story. There is no more talk about breaking down German morale through terror; there is a lot less talk about making civilian life impossible in all German cities. The bombing as described is a legitimate military action and also it appears to be obtaining legitimate and highly desirable results.

If the bombing had always been described that way there would have been no protest. We are not in Germany and we have only known what was going on in the German cities through the descriptions the newspapers have given us. We have protested against what we were told was going on and we have protested against the policy of "burn, bomb, destroy" expressed by Mr. Brendan Bracken in Quebec and also by Mr. Churchill. The whole thing has been a matter of words. The men have been flying the bombers; they have gone out on their missions; they have come back or they have been shot down. From the planes the bombs have fallen on the targets and not on the targets, but always on the living. There has been this reality of daring and destruction and it is a terrible thing that it is only through words that we have known it. We could not accept the words to burn, to bomb, to destroy and we sought to qualify those words with other words—limitative, qualitative—which would leave them their warlike meaning but would withdraw from them their blind insensitive and unselective fury. It is a terrible thing to fear that we may have been just playing with words, rhyming them, arranging alliterations.

It would seem now that the words which accompany and describe the bombing that is taking place—through which, alone, we are aware of that bombing—have become words which fit into an admissible theory of warfare. That is something. It is something anyway that those who sit at home, risking nothing, will find less encouragement to applaud, justify and urge on to greater intensity an action—indiscriminate bombing—which the words we now read no longer proclaim as taking place. Is that action still being carried on, unmodified? We do not know. Later on we will know. Later on we will see what is left of the cities of Europe. It is not just a question of German cities; later on we will know what is left of the Italian cities, the French cities. All we can hope is that while we have been talking and writing there has been a change in bombing policy. Perhaps the generals and the governments preparing the invasion have decreed a greater concentration on military targets; perhaps they are no longer sure that the bombing of cities as cities will produce the results they seek; perhaps after a period in which they said simply that such and such a building was a military target they are discovering that bombing a certain kind of military target is a military mistake.

Mr. Herbert Matthews, in the New York *Times* (May 5), discusses one such military target, the Abbey of Monte Cassino: "No one now denies that the Germans have a better fortress there than they had before." He is authorized to disclose the steps taken in this country to see that every possible protection will be given cultural monuments in all the countries of Europe and from now on. Information concerning these monuments has been codified and will be furnished all ranks from the Command to the executants. Plaintively Mr. Matthews hopes that "this will silence criticism that enough efforts have not yet been made to save for posterity works whose value far transcends any question of nationality or religion. . . . It is hoped that frank admission of mistakes made in the past will have a beneficent effect in cutting the ground under enemy propaganda . . ." He mentions "outstanding examples of avoidability"—Benevento, Santa Chiara, the Eremiti in Padua—and doubtful cases such as Pompeii.

All that we have ever talked about concerned "avoidability."

C. G. PAULDING.

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What About Germany's Christians?

True victory will require cracking the German conscience

H. A. Reinhold

THE CIVILIZATION of the West is still designated as a Christian civilization, although certainly Western man is not always a Christian, nor are all of his institutions inspired by the Gospel. And yet, after 27 years of effort to destroy Christianity, even the Russians are still largely a Christian people. What then are we to think about German Catholics and Protestants, who have been exposed to persecution only since 1933, and in many cases, only since 1938? Of course I here limit myself to German-speaking Christians, and do not take into account Christian minorities now under nazi domination. We can assume that the vast majority of the latter have no use for their new masters.

Prior to 1933 there were about 27 million Catholics in Germany. Of course many of these were nominal; there is no way for a census-taker to differentiate between the fervent and the indifferent. Then Hitler began to expand the Reich, starting with the Saar, and proceeding to absorb 7 million Catholic Austrians, 3 million Catholic Sudetens, 1.5 million German-speaking Catholics in Poland and about as many in Luxemburg and Alsace. The people in the Saar desired thus to be "reincorporated"; probably the majority of the rest have not greeted reincorporation with equal eagerness. In any case, there are now between 40 and 45 million Catholics in the Reich.

Must we not assume that by the spring of 1944, the majority of these Catholics, in common with their Protestant brethren, hate Hitler and what he stands for—falsehood, injustice, suppression, lies, broken promises, wickedness? Even those to whom he did not come as an alien conqueror must surely be restive under his slavery; and those whom he has conquered have an added sentiment of patriotic indignation. Any who do not share a dislike of the nazi philosophy, after years of religious oppression and spoliation, it would seem impossible to classify as Christians.

When Hitler first destroyed freedom, in 1933, it was possible only to guess at the immediate reaction of the Catholics. Probably most of them thought that they could manage under a tyrannical régime. Many of them undoubtedly were weary of the responsibilities which go with liberty. Only gradually—and therefore too late, alas!—when Hitler began directly to injure the Church, did it become clear that he was not merely trying to bring order to Germany, but was trying to introduce a new, Godless order, in which Christianity was alien. Doubtless even then millions long quieted their conscience by saying that the Church "had it coming to her." Was she not too comfortably entrenched, over-organized, too rich, not sufficiently patriotic, too international, too political? A little pruning, far from killing a tree, helps its growth.

More and more, however, Hitler showed his true colors. Christian leaders were murdered; priests were exiled or imprisoned; schools, organizations, hospitals, libraries were confiscated; the daily press was put out of business, and very soon the much-vaunted nazi restoration of order became rather the order of a cemetery or a prison. Surely by then most Catholics must have realized what had happened.

And yet the fact remains that German-speaking Catholics fight and die and starve for Hitler's Germany. Since their fate is to risk death and suffering in any case, why not run these risks fighting against him, who has proved to be their enemy? Historically, Catholics have never been as blindly nationalist as have the Protestants; they have always been highly conscious of belonging to Peter's flock, which takes in the whole wide world and the birthplace of which does not lie in any Wittenberg. Historically, they have long been treated as second-rate Germans, and have suffered much persecution. In some regions they had been looked upon little better than have the Jews. Is it that now, as in 1914, they lean over backward to show what fine Germans they can be, thereby trampling their own hearts, their loyalty to Christ's law, their aching memories? Or is it cowardice? Or is it an infection of the heresy of nationalism? Have they always been Germans first and Christians second? Or are they merely still blind, led by blind men, uninformed, tired, desperate?

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German Protestants have always been in a somewhat different position. Luther put all his eggs in one basket, depending upon the support of the princes against the power of Rome and the Emperor, when he brought to light a German,

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national version of Christianity. This shaky structure he propped with quotations from Saint Paul, and it remained fairly firm as long as the princes and the rulers who followed them were themselves Christians, or at least not anti-Christian. Then after the last war there was created a government of the whole people, surging from below in a pluralistic state, with no prince to lean on, no national ideology to buttress it, with all elements claiming equality rather than toleration. And all of this strange new life came upon the heels of defeat and revolution. The Protestant mind lost its balance. After bitter days of bewilderment and confusion, a large section of the Protestant churches openly began to long for a return of the abolished monarchy. Only a minority sought to compromise with the new thing and find a new foundation. Others sulked and lost all interest in political matters. The few who found themselves a new home under the Republic revised Luther's pattern. They saw the importance of pluralism—and that is something very different from mere toleration.

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Thus before 1933, in northwestern Germany the rural Protestant ministry was either nazi or tolerant of nazism—not because of any liking for Hitler or his henchmen, or because of any approval of Rosenberg's philosophical creations, but because they saw in the new régime a return to the old Germany, to the prince, the "clean" Protestant state free of politics, admirably administered, providing sound military training and discipline for young men and promising glory for Germany. Ministers in large cities like Hamburg, however, were largely against Hitler, and many of the older generation were suspicious about his ultimate aims. After all, they reasoned, he was a Catholic, even though a bad one. They felt safer with the Army, the good old Prussian civil service, the professional men.

These being the circumstances, it is nonsense to say that Protestantism in Germany has made a better showing from our point of view than has Catholicism. My impression is that Karl Barth started this canard. I do not consider it a fair or truthful judgment. And since I cannot remember ever having seen any Catholic statement of opposite intent—which would be equally untrue—I am left with the feeling of being on the defensive.

Take the case of Austria. It is a fact that no one welcomed Hitler more cordially to that country than did its handful of Protestants. They greeted him as a liberator. Yet apart from the short-lived dictatorships of Dolfuss and Schuschnigg—and what orphan-boy dictators they were!—Austrian Protestants had not for nearly a century suffered any government persecution. And since they had been casting nostalgic glances to the Protestant north ever since the end of the last war, was it surprising that they aroused distrust among their fellow Austrians? And was such a distrust sufficient reason for them to receive Hitler with open arms? As for Cardinal Innitzer, he was never a nazi. He was in an altogether different boat. He hated nazism and dreaded its philosophy. His unfortunate proclamation after Hitler's arrival represented no change of conviction, nor yet was it dictated by fear. He merely was suffering from an attack of a very common disease—common among clergymen, statesmen, Christians, Jews, atheists—the disease of appeasement. And it put him in a very bad light. He was to be deeply humiliated by the nazis and even more deeply humbled by the Pope, who called him to Rome and ordered him to publish a solemn recantation in German on the front page of the *Osservatore Romano*. Thereafter his record has been a noble record. Might we not forget his error and momentary weakness with as much ease as we forget Niemoller's blind spots? And why is it that we forget that together with Niemoller the nazis threw Father Rupert Mayer, S.J., into a concentration camp—a war veteran who had lost one of his legs, a man who was called the "apostle of Munich" and was beloved by the poor and by young people? Never did this man compromise, as did Niemoller; never had he joined the Party. And it is reported that he has been a good friend and devoted companion to many a minister in the concentration camp where he was confined. Or why do we forget Father Rossaint, condemned to hard labor because he helped a few misguided youngsters who were Communists to escape from their nazi butchers? Many a priest in Spain and France has done likewise for hundreds of German refugees—be they Jewish, Catholic, Communist, Protestant—asking no questions, even when the Gestapo was at the door. Is all this so bad a record?

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We should recall that it is the minority constituting the "Confessional Church" in Germany that has furnished the Protestant martyrs, and that, like all martyr churches, seems to be making constant headway. But even this heroic group—the only group outside the Catholic Church which on religious grounds still resists Hitler in an organized way—even this group has not risen in protest against Hitler's misdeeds and the general acquiescence of Germany. They have restricted their struggle to keeping the Gospel untainted by such theological asininity as that perpetrated by Reichbishop Mueller. They have fought and suffered to preserve a last spiritual link with Christ in their congregations. They have minded their own business, leaving the outer world to

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its own rulers. But their error started with Luther, and for it we cannot directly blame them.

The Catholic case is different. Catholics had been trained to watch government with a critical eye, to resist its encroachments, to obey God first. And yet they appeased. Their leaders appeased, perhaps because they remembered so well how in 1918, when petty bourgeois Marxists came into power, political bargaining had given them a chance to gain a foothold and to protect the Church through the democratic process. They thought they could do something analogous again —at least a number of the more vocal leaders said as much. By their own pressure, they jockeyed the Holy See into a position where Pius XI and Cardinal Pacelli had to sign a concordat—because the German Catholics, not the Holy See, wanted it. True enough, it was von Papen who stabbed his fellow Catholics in the back and for the first time made Hitler a party to an international treaty at a moment when all governments were disposed to look upon any paper emanating from him as worthless, or a trap. But von Papen had willing allies who were neither cowards nor traitors. They were merely appeasers, politicians, acting according to their best judgment, and assuming that in dealing with Hitler they could successfully use the same strategy as had worked with Louis XIV, Joseph II, Bismarck or Poincaré. They were feeding their tiger with handfuls; he intended to devour them whole.

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Might there not have been a remedy for this situation? Probably a refusal on the part of both Protestants and Catholics in 1933 would have punctured Hitler, even though at the cost of harsh persecution. But the Protestant teaching on the authority of the State and Catholic appeasement stood in the way. Had Catholics really wanted any other policy, the Holy See would surely have backed them up; but no Pope —or anyone else—can wage war using an army which hopes to buy its way out, or to take refuge behind some Maginot Line, relying upon diplomatic action and pressure from Rome to win the victory, but supplying Rome with no tool whereby to exercise that action or that pressure. Historians, seeking out reasons for all this, have blamed today's curial centralism. It has given us, they say, better discipline, more efficiency, but it has taken so large a measure of responsibility from the shoulders of the lower strategists that these men have lost nearly all their initiative and have become more like civil servants, relying on headquarters, than like courageous Windthorsts. Hence German Catholics had come to look upon the Center Party with a certain amount of distrust. Responsibility had become too heavy a burden; political warfare was all too sordid.

Even today the situation allows for a reversal. Were the bishops to refuse to meet at Fulda, were they to make a statement refusing support to an unjust war, or a war waged in an unjust manner, or a war resulting in such horrors as the Polish massacres, the effect would be tremendous, especially if the Protestants were to do likewise. If only one bishop were to refuse to sign the kind of statement which has emanated from Fulda, were to depart from the meeting in silence, Catholics and Nazis would understand. If the protests formulated at Fulda had only not included all the bowing and scraping toward Hitler; if Niemoller, while he was still free, had been less devoted to the politics of the Fuehrer, the moral case for the Nazis and the impending defeat of Nazi Germany would have been a victory for "the other Germany." Why did not such things happen? We can only guess at the reasons.

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Not for an instant do I believe that the failure to take a more positive line is blamable upon the cowardice of any of the men responsible. Any one of them would face a Nazi firing squad with a martyr's courage. All of them have acted out of noble motives: to protect their flocks, and in the confidence that surviving Hitler is in itself a meritorious end. I cannot think that anyone who left Germany in the nick of time, or anyone who kept his mouth shut, clinging as fast as he could to his possessions until he was robbed of them and then thrown out of the country, has a right to criticize either Protestant or Catholic leaders who have stuck to their posts. We have no right to accuse or correct or rebuke. There are enough people among us here from the old country who brought as part of their essential baggage a deep-seated anti-clericalism, with which they inoculate all too willing Americans, and thus aggravate the already tense atmosphere into which some Catholics in the United States have very unwisely been maneuvered.

Both church bodies in Germany now present us with the same picture; they are reviled and despised, the Catholics even more than the Confessionals. Both are still heroically resisting on many fronts, and no outsider is entitled to extol the one at the expense of the other. And yet the fact remains that both Catholics and Protestants sacrifice themselves in the service of a man and a cause they must in their hearts know to be evil. Since Rome wisely insists upon her neutrality, Rome cannot tell them what to do. The hierarchy in other lands cannot appeal to them over the heads of their own. What is allied propaganda doing? Is it indeed largely in the hands of men who know very little and care even less about Christianity and Christian consciences? Our press seems to have no idea that German Catholics were never pro-fascist, pro-Mussolini,

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pro-Hitler or anti-British. If they were pro-Franco, how could they help it, since between 1936 and 1939 they had no opportunity to form a free judgment? And yet after all their potential power of the spirit remains ignored, forgotten, belittled.

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Thus there remains a shell around the conscience of German Christians which neither defeat nor propaganda of the sort we are dishing out will ever crack. Yet it must be cracked, or we shall see another Hitler rise after the present one disappears. Material victory, which now seems so much nearer at hand, the most ingenious of peace treaties, the best-conceived alliances will not win a peace unless we first crack through that shell which now isolates the Christian conscience in Germany.

Unless both Churches in Germany teach that wrong is wrong and right is right, German Christians will hate Hitler, but conscientiously continue fighting, burning, killing for him and for his régime, because he is the government, "set up by God," or because he is "the lesser of two evils." The matter ought to be entirely one of conscience not of expediency. At the root of the problem is a practical denial of one fundamental Christian truth to which German Christians pay lip service in quite orthodox fashion: no earthly authority can take the place of man's conscience and decide right and wrong for him. I do not doubt that we shall find that German-speaking Christians are as willing as any to suffer and even die for their convictions—if only we are able to root out their intellectual and moral subservience to "constituted authority," whether it be good or bad.

Thus I am convinced that we can only achieve a real victory—as distinguished from another long armistice—if our propaganda switches from purely negative considerations to a positive statement of Christian principles. It will make a world of difference if we can prepare Christian minds and hearts in that part of Germany which still is Christian. Of course I am not at all sure that a byproduct would be the establishment of an active Christian underground, working along the same lines as the Polish, Dutch, Norwegian and French Christian undergrounds, to free Europe from her present masters. But even that one might hope for. To die by allied bullets with a bad conscience might well appear less fearsome to an informed German Christian than to risk a nazi firing squad with a good and peaceful conscience. But any appeal to such heroism requires profound Christian convictions on the part of him who makes the appeal. And this appeal does not come from Germany's own spiritual leaders, not because they are afraid, but because they have followed a line of responsibility colored by the inescapable traditions of well over a hundred years. Nor can it come from hearts and minds which have never understood Christian principles or lived Christian lives. The ring of sincerity and trustworthiness, of justice and prudence cannot be replaced by a mere hatred of Hitler, nor will it be effective if it speaks in the tones of that familiar and cheap anti-Catholicism so characteristic of certain groups in Vienna, Berlin and Munich before Hitler's advent to power. Only the finest representatives of American Christian life are truly eligible to address the consciences of their erring German brothers.

The amazing disregard of German Christianity in the blueprints emanating from our refugee experts is bleakly foreboding. These men represent ideologies which vastly contributed to Hitler's victory; he fed on their offal, and grew fat like a buzzard on their theories of collectivism, statism, their scorn for religion, their disregard for a truly organic society, their amoralism, their worship of the nation and their trivial licentiousness. Where were they in March, 1933? Unless it was made impossible by their political pasts or by their "racial" origins, men of their ilk did not hesitate for a moment not only to bargain with but actually to join Hitler, through whatever loophole he left open to them—with, of course, several honorable exceptions.

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For a thousand years the German people has been kept more or less within the bounds of Western civilization. The constraint, as far as it was visible, came from the power Christ and His Church had over their consciences. When a new paganism arose, this constraint was broken. This new paganism assumed all sorts of different false fronts until it finally threw them all away and became embodied in a little moustache and a lock of hair hanging over a hollow face. None of its worst tenets can be shown to have Christian paternity; all of them are the tenets of Christ's foes, even though many of these foes are now repentant and horrified at their handiwork. If we want a new Germany—not an old one held down by armies of occupation and economic hoopskirts to the point where hatred and resentment make it strong and enable it to tear its jailers to pieces—then we must change the German heart and mind.

If we want a German change of heart, if we want the only real victory possible to us, we shall have to use the only means to change hearts, the word of God. The war is now in its most critical stage as far as conscience is concerned; for all too many men it threatens to become a mere struggle for power in which the issue is no longer Hitler or liberty, truth, charity, honesty, justice. To rescue the good cause from being trodden upon by sheer adventurers, we must crack the hard shell around the German conscience. And in so doing, we shall serve our own conscience.

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Invading the South Side

A friendship house comes to Chicago

Ann Harrigan

WHEN Bishop Sheil and the Baroness de Hueck broached the subject of a "friendship house" in Chicago to Ellen Tarry and me, we were both excited beyond words. And scared to death. For we were very familiar with the way the Harlem Friendship House started. "An empty room, sleeping on newspapers, $3.00 and a typewriter . . ."

Both Ellen and I were professional people—Ellen a reporter for the *Amsterdam Star and News* and a writer of juveniles ("Janie Belle" and "Hezekiah Horton"). I had been teaching English at Grover Cleveland High School in Queens. We had financial obligations to our families. Our friends all thought we were crazy. In general, we didn't quite see how it could be arranged.

But September 15, 1942, found me sitting in the Grand Central Station, waiting for the train to leave for Chicago, asking myself, "Why?" Ellen was to come two weeks later.

Arrived in Chicago, I stayed in the "loop," at the request of the Bishop, who rightly wanted me to become acquainted with down-town Chicago; for, as far as I was concerned, Chicago might as well have been China. I knew the name of the big street, Michigan Boulevard, I had met Bishop Sheil and Father Meegan, his secretary, and I knew that two stores on East 43rd Street had already been rented for Friendship House. And that about sums up what I knew.

Getting a room would, I suspected, be difficult. It is always difficult to get a room in a colored neighborhood, because the supply of rooms is so small and the demand so great. But I hadn't counted on the war. Chicago was booming. The population of the South Side had swelled by at least 50,000.

Rooms . . . rooms . . . hunting rooms. The only room available was in a colored funeral home. Well, I took the room. It was in an old mansion and was very comfortable, with two large windows, Venetian blinds, etc. I certainly felt bourgeois; but how to break it to Ellen? I had a hunch she wouldn't like it at all, and would almost rather live on a fire escape. But when she saw the situation herself, she was very glad we had our room. Yet somehow or other, no matter how tired we were, we ran up the first set of stairs past the mortuary.

We went to work on the two stores at 309 and 305 East 43rd Street. It was the right location. Stores, milling crowds, trolley cars, trucks, El's all close by. Cheap theaters, taverns, hundreds of kids running around the streets, broken-down houses, with here and there a street of home owners who kept up their property carefully.

Early October days found us making our way to 309 East 43rd to take long and dubious looks at the barn-like interior: no lights, no fixtures, no radiators, no sink, no stove, a bad floor, a leaky ceiling, no dishes, and, worst of all—though we didn't appreciate it at the time—no food.

We had set November 5, the unofficial feast of Martin de Porres, as our goal. So, for the next four weeks, we struggled to get the floor cleared of its million rusty linoleum tacks so that we could put down the imitation of linoleum that government priorities and our small pocketbook allowed us. But we got the linoleum—by begging; and we got it put down—by begging. And though they predicted that it would last only six months, it is still here, and still looking very nice after it is waxed.

★

We shall never forget the generosity of the people of Chicago. How they came and helped, donated money and furniture and dishes and kitchen utensils! The Fathers of the Divine Word made the bookshelves which line our cheerful little store—at a time when lumber was put on priority. The priests of the Cathedral and many other priests and nuns in and out of Chicago helped us.

We stood in awed respect of the dark, shining floor. What a change! Just a few days back, it had been covered with open gaps, rusty nails and old linoleum of various vintages. Now its wax-like sheen showed how hard Ellen and Mildred (that's Mrs. Wiley, who had become the third member of our staff a week or so before) and all the volunteers had worked: Bernard, Dave, Russ, Dot, all did a magnificent job in putting up pictures, writing invitations, carting books, cleaning the new cups and saucers (which came exactly at the right moment for us to serve our guests, who began to pour in before we had put

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the finishing touches.) We wanted to look just right when the Bishop arrived.

In the nick of time our burgundy curtains were put up, the statue of Blessed Martin arrived, and when a hush fell over the milling crowd of people in Friendship House, we knew Bishop Sheil was here.

Thereafter we settled down to hard reality. We began our Monday Night Lectures—one of the traditional techniques of interracial education at Friendship House. The speech, usually on some interracial subject, is but a springboard to lively discussion and fraternization. For we know of no other place in this country where, day in and day out, all types and classes of white and colored people can meet each other *equally* to discuss mutual problems frankly and pleasantly.

Meantime, our library began to grow. First we had 500 books, then 700, then almost 1,000, now over 2,000. The difficult task of sorting, classifying and setting up the whole library, which we hoped would grow to 3,000 or 4,000 volumes, began. The moot question: who was to be librarian, was answered by necessity. We all helped.

Then we began to hear the critics. Some of the colored people said: "Why did you pick 43rd Street? It's such a slummy neighborhood. Why not 55th or 61st Street?" Even when we pointed out that the children of 61st Street had much better care than the children of 43rd Street, and that housing problems around here were far greater than up in the better districts, they were not convinced—but we were. We knew that these kids came from homes where very often the mother has to go to work to supplement the meager income of the father, who, because he is a Negro, is frequently the victim of great injustice in employment. We knew, too, that the kids go only four hours a day to school, and when we learned that they have no homework, and are not allowed to take home their books, the greater need of a Friendship House play center for children was brought home to us with a bang.

★

We turned resolutely to the children's center. A flock of new volunteers helped us to organize the play room. Bishop Sheil had given us a juke box, and from other good friends came a piano, a ping-pong table, cabinets for games, toys and supplies, and even paint. It was screamingly funny to see five volunteers, some of whom had never used a paint brush in their lives, being told "Here's a brush and some paint, and here's a picture. There's a wall. Paint it on!" O holy simplicity! And yet very nice pictures got done. All the furniture was splashed lavishly in gay colors. And about the first of December the kids of 43rd Street began to stream into the Casita.

We called it "The Casita de Porres." For who was working quietly behind the scenes, but Blessed Martin, himself, friend of the poor, apostle of interracial justice?

The white critics had their day too.

"This is too radical. Why, it's almost communistic!"

So long as a Negro in America can't get a job because of color, Friendship House has work to do.

So long as a Negro in America can't get into a hospital because of color, Friendship House has work to do.

So long as a Negro in America can't get into a school, college or training center, because of color, Friendship House has work to do.

So long as a Negro in America can't live with his family in a decent house, because of color, Friendship House has work to do.

Our Monday night lectures drew crowds of white and colored people. The discussions were hot and heavy after the lecture; coffee usually softened up the most reticent.

"To work for Justice—too radical!" Since when? Justice is that which we must render by right to men! "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness" is more than a clause in the Constitution. It is the fundamental law of justice which accrues to all men because they are men. No matter of choice, this, but of strict justice.

★

One of the biggest problems in achieving interracial justice is insufficient opportunity for various racial groups to meet on an equal basis. Friendship House provides opportunities for these meetings under natural circumstances—working together in the children's center, studying together in our training courses, arguing, eating, playing, praying together, as befits children of the same Father, God.

Staff members came from all over the United States, from Louisiana, Texas, New York, Alabama—and even from Scotland. Both colored and white applied, filled with a desire to live more perfectly the social doctrine of Jesus Christ.

"You mean to say, staff workers give up their jobs and work for no salary? That they actually do give up good paying jobs?" By God's grace, yes. God is so generous with so many things. Can't we be generous in this?

Lay people these are, with a vocation to work among lay people, to be the hands and feet of the priest, to go into places where he often cannot go, to meet the masses "lost to the Church," who don't go to Church any more, to search for the missing sheep, bring them back. And always to be seeking them—to see in all of them the face of Christ.

To perform the spiritual and corporal works

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of mercy. To suffer in this upside down world, where the unimportant things take up so much of our time, leaving so little for the important things. This is Friendship House.

Friendship House is a movement which is trying to put order into social life by taking first things first. God, eternity, the soul, our neighbor —these are the first things and should take up a large part of our time. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Justice and all these things will be added unto you." *All what things?* Secondary things: food, clothing, shelter, necessities. This is the age-old technique of the Church: voluntary poverty, chastity, obedience: the counsels of perfection.

Some of the staff had to leave, alas, but others came. Ellen and Mildred departed to other positions. Blanche, Bill, Teevy, Kenneth, Mary, Betty came one by one. Within a year we had grown from three staff workers to eight.

But about this time, too, as fate would have it —and with our agreement—we really went off the gold standard. That is, direct assistance from the Bishop to tide over the first early days was replaced by the regular Friendship House principle—begging from all, rich and poor, priests and laymen, young and old. Though the Bishop still wanted to help us, we knew that our strength lay in how closely we followed our idea of poverty and smallness.

With a flat pocketbook and eight (hungry) staff workers, I would frequently ejaculate, "Thank God, You are running this. For how could we ever do it ourselves."

Then too, we cannot forget our "anchor," Father Dan, our spiritual adviser, who, along with the Bishop, the Baroness, and Eddie, and all the staunch volunteers and staff workers, has stood by us through thick and thin. His quiet fire has fed the tiny flame of our spirit that often flagged and dropped and all but went out. Father Dan, like his famous predecessor, knows about lions, too, and how it feels to put one's head into the jaws of one, for he's a pioneer of pioneers, with a courage we all draw on.

One year and a half after its foundation in Chicago, Friendship House has its spiritual director, seven staff workers, twenty volunteers, a mothers' club, a library, a children's center, classes in Negro history, cooperatives, Spanish, reading and writing for beginners, indoctrination in the lay apostolate, a weekly lecture forum where every angle of the interracial question is discussed and explored. In addition, our Harlem Press prints many pamphlets, including "Friendship House News," a monthly newspaper. And our lectures on the Negro and interracial justice are heard in schools, churches and various institutions all over the country.

But our main purpose still remains the same: to dig in, to live here, to get to know the people —and the people to know us. To tell men of all races: We are brothers, because Christ, our Brother, died for us, and His blood makes us all closer than natural blood brothers.

En L'Air

KAPPO PHELAN

THE New York City Center has approximately twenty-seven hundred seats and during recent weeks—during the performances of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—it seemed to me that easily this number of New Yorkers, suburbanites, and random April peoples were present nightly, leaning and looking, meandering the aisles, jamming the long narrow lobby during the breaks. For a City Theater such an attendance is, of course, a thrilling spectacle and one hopes it will become a seasonal one. Even the air seemed charged and swirling and I liked so much to see the town turned out in feathers and fuss, and every sort and shade of uniform. It was right.

Certainly, it is only by virtue of the most generous definition of Theater reviewer that I have any right to be reporting the Ballet at all. With no memorized glossary of terms and with my mind filled wholly with images, colors, tropes and tunes, I feel at once brazen and apprehensive to be attacking this most exquisite, I think, of theater stuff. Here, how lovely it is to have always the music. And how wonderful not to be hedged about, locked to the consideration of speeches and themes, all the machinery of logic. It is easy to see that any critique I shall manage is bound to appear ballonné. However, aside from the traditional, almost secret, inflections of this form of the dance, there is still every individual nuance of interpretation to record, plus the large design, plus the stage-picture, plus the aroused delight or disdain. And we shall see.

Regarding mise en scène, the Center does appear to offer peculiar difficulties. Although I have the stage proportions here, I cannot seem to read them intelligently as the figures indicate that the proscenium height and width are of the same measurement; while the visual effect is of a very narrow playing-space with an endless empty area towering overhead. The problem is further complicated by there being no apron extending in front of the arch, together with a shallow and muffling orchestra pit, so that the entire impression is one of overpowering height, and I have the idea that perhaps some sort of rigid lighting equipment may preclude the possibility of lowering this opening in one way or another. Now, although the Ballet Russe is also a touring company, accustomed to carrying equipment adjustable to any stage, much of their scenery did not fit this one. Particularly did the graduated wing arrangements, traditional to almost all the classical pieces, appear flimsy and pinchbeck. It is true that much of the stuff may have been shabby to begin with, but I wonder if, as the Center becomes (as it must do) more and more a permanent feature of the town, it will not be possible

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for it to maintain a staff of artists and technicians to assist, perhaps even to create for, the various attractions. All of the problems mentioned here would be merely a stimulus to a young designer. And upon their solution depends much of the success of the venture as a whole.

It is, of course, the painters rather than the architects who rule the scenic aspects of the Ballet. With the necessity of freeing every possible inch of ground for the dancers, building is almost always impracticable, and the setting of mood and story devolves upon the more absolute men. Indeed the prospect of viewing successively the enormous, splendid angled canvases of such artists as Picasso, Matisse, Chirico, Chagall, Bérard, is not the least of the enchantments of a season. Visual music. In this respect, I cannot imagine what overcame Boris Aronson in his mounting of the première of Schwezoff's "Red Poppy." Having created earlier this year—for a poor musical—the most exciting and wasted painted designs, he has here fluctuated between the plastic, the flat, the draped, and has badly fangled his own conception of the introductory scrim. In fact, I thought this entire piece poor: the music fatuous, the story coercive, the notion behind the dream-interval silly. Aside from the famed Sailors' Tumble led out by the vivid and ebullient Frederic Franklin, and the presence of Danilova and Youskevitch, the affair approached the dimensions of a blight; although, needless to say, this *aside* is a giant one. In the unspecial if exhausting ribbon dance, Mr. Youskevitch's contribution resolutely fixed my contention that he is the greatest male dancer I have seen. Later, in the Tchaikowsky "Pas de Deux," with Danilova, I could imagine no way in which to describe him unless it should be in terms of a childhood "gaffe" which has since become a trope of my own. Summers ago, when first I heard it, I thought they sang of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" that he *"roamed* through the air." This mistaken change from a passive to an active verb was a lucky and lovely one, I think, and here becomes truly useful. The entire phrase implies ease, power, certainly joy; but all this allied to consciousness and choice. I think I should like to pin it to Youskevitch for good and all, since it is what he so perfectly does. *He roams through the air.*

No less prodigious, although perhaps spiritually opposed, I feel it is Danilova's remarkable force as a tragedienne that I should like to stress. Conceding her lightness and litheness in such arrangements as the Offenbach "Gaité," and the elsewhere "Boutique Fantasque," I find a certain sacrificial quality nowadays in her work. In the stupid Schwezoff piece, when she rises, in a single line, from a prone position to one pointe, it is not only a technical marvel, but a marvel of sadness. Her every movement seems an act of oblation. I should like to see her dance Niobe to some irrevocable music.

As it is almost always a test of ensemble work, the company's "Sylphides" deserves a note. Although grimly set, the interpretation of the renowned Chopin-Fokine revery came through as young, delicate, deliciously moony; the dancing of Krassovska and Istomina being especially memorable. Later in the engagement, other young members of the troupe—notably Dorothy Etheridge—again firmly established the popularity of Agnes De Mille's wedge of Americana, "Rodeo." In this, working (I guess) closely with the Copland music, or better, with the musician himself Miss De Mille's particular handling of the grotesque is entirely successful and delighting; although in order wholly to estimate this choreographer's style, it is necessary to travel somewhat southeast—down the town to the Met where S. Hurok is presenting a simultaneous season of the Ballet Theatre. Here, in a house whose unwieldy elegance is too often artistically and economically condemned, the excellent company offers a series of favorites, and novelties, of which Miss De Mille's "Tally-Ho" is among the latter. Contrived to music by Gluck, possibly inspired by the Watteau panels, this ticklish pastoral is important, I feel, because it is bad. Somehow or other, in any form, any mixture of the mock and the real must be conscious and complete. For almost anyone, there can be nothing mock about this Gluck score, but Miss De Mille has welded it alternately to pure and then derisive incidents, and the response must inevitably be a long and uncomfortable *brrrr*. Perhaps another delicate essential in these secondary conceptions (parodies, travesties) is a temporal one. For example, it is possible to imagine the Robbins-Bernstein-Smith "Fancy Free" (rated deservedly at the moment as a topical-typical straight smash) emerging at some away time as a pastiche; earlier, as a burlesque, perhaps; still earlier, as a bitter satire. Although, no matter what far future mutations this work should endure, it will still, I think, remain superior to Miss De Mille's, since its quarrels are all across the footlights and not within itself.

But such indulgence in prophecy seems vain, hazardous, romantic, and, since it touches not at all upon the question of taste, useless. The question of taste is, of course, the paramount mystery. I suppose there may even be people who would look upon the Dolin "Pas de Quatre" as something other than beautiful, although I will not believe it. Here, since we are now dealing with Markova, we must ascend again. This is the grand style: the always gesture; the tableau rather than the portrait; the attitude rather than the embrace. Markova uses the air as though it were palpable: cleaves it, fingers it, pats it, separates it. And it receives her; it is her route. Someone asked me if I did not think one of her poses (hands held somewhat away from her skirt but as though they rested on it) ugly. In protest, I have tried to consider this minutely. It seems to me that this posture, and other similar ones, can never be ugly; they are merely unnatural. Or better, supernatural, in the sense of being beyond or closer than nature. In order to accomplish them exactly, generations have striven and will do. Perhaps the quickest answer is really the simplest one: art.

Communications

FEDERAL AID

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editors: The article in the issue of April 14 entitled "Federal Aid" is thought-provoking. The writer wishes to check not the statements made, nor the

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authorities quoted, but the proposition whether Catholic education in these United States is at this time really in need of Federal aid.

The authors state that the Catholic position has been, by and large, consistently negative. If the reference is to present proposed legislation, it may pass, but if the implication be that the Catholic position has been negative on public education, it needs challenging.

The writer of this letter spent a decade of his life teaching in Catholic parochial schools and knows of no stubborn minority which has blocked aid to schools. They may have their own opinion as American citizens and as Catholics on the need and necessity for the Federal Government in the field of education in the form of grants and subsidies, and this in addition to carrying the burden of their own educational program.

Naturally, in a letter of this kind it is impossible to pick the article to pieces, section by section, but I think the authors should study more carefully the over-all picture of where Catholics stand on education, particularly, primary education.

It seems that the writers take the question of Federal control too lightly and our American public should be warned and should look this gift horse in the mouth.

It is unfortunate that the learned authors in quoting "The Encyclical of Pope Pius XI" can come to such a conclusion that this document proves their premises. It is unforunate that space limitation prevents lengthy quotations from this outstanding Encyclical, but I cannot help but quote from "Social Wellsprings" published by Bruce, the following comment by the Editor, Joseph Husslein, S. J., in his preface to that Encyclical: "Whatsoever does violence to the true order of values by rating the natural above the supernatural in educational importance . . . meets with deserved condemnation."

The century-old Catholic tradition in this country started on a premise that only a well integrated religious plan of education will suffice for Catholic children, and it has been the belief of that large proportion of our Catholic population who support parochial schools that the State has the eminent right to demand that a child be educated, but that beyond that the State has no right to go. It was on this premise that our splendid parochial school system was founded; in secular education it has never been behind that of State-supported schools.

It almost seems that the tendency—about one-third century old—to pattern our Catholic schools entirely after State school models and to introduce religion only as a subject to which two one-half hour periods were devoted is now bearing fruit in the breakdown of Catholic thinking—that we not only may but must accept centralization with all its manifest evils.

It is the writer's trust that Catholics will now, as in the past, stand against any form of Federal control, either directly by the establishing of an educational department, or indirectly by upholding the theory of Federal aid, as proposed in the bills now before Congress.

JOSEPH G. GRUNDLE.

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The Stage & Screen

Pick-Up Girl

THE FIRST THING to tell you about this play is in the nature of a warning: it is neither for the squeamish nor for the sniggering. Unquestionably a number of the sniggering are going to show up at it and carry on in the customary prurient tickled manner (as they did the other evening), and this is, I should say, a matter for the producers to note carefully, perhaps even to publicize. Having presented a play concerned with juvenile delinquency, Michael Todd's Staff have exposed themselves to the charge of building only a case-history with no solution attached, but I think perhaps one of their answers to this quibble could lie in the behavior of scattered members of their audience. Certainly if there is no cure for the overt smuttiness, cheapness and cruelty exhibited by certain adult tax-payers of this city when confronted by an authentic tragedy played on its stage, there would seem to be small cure for the city's ruined children, whose existence is the reason for the tragedy. Here is just one instance when I should like to see criticism published from both sides of the footlights.

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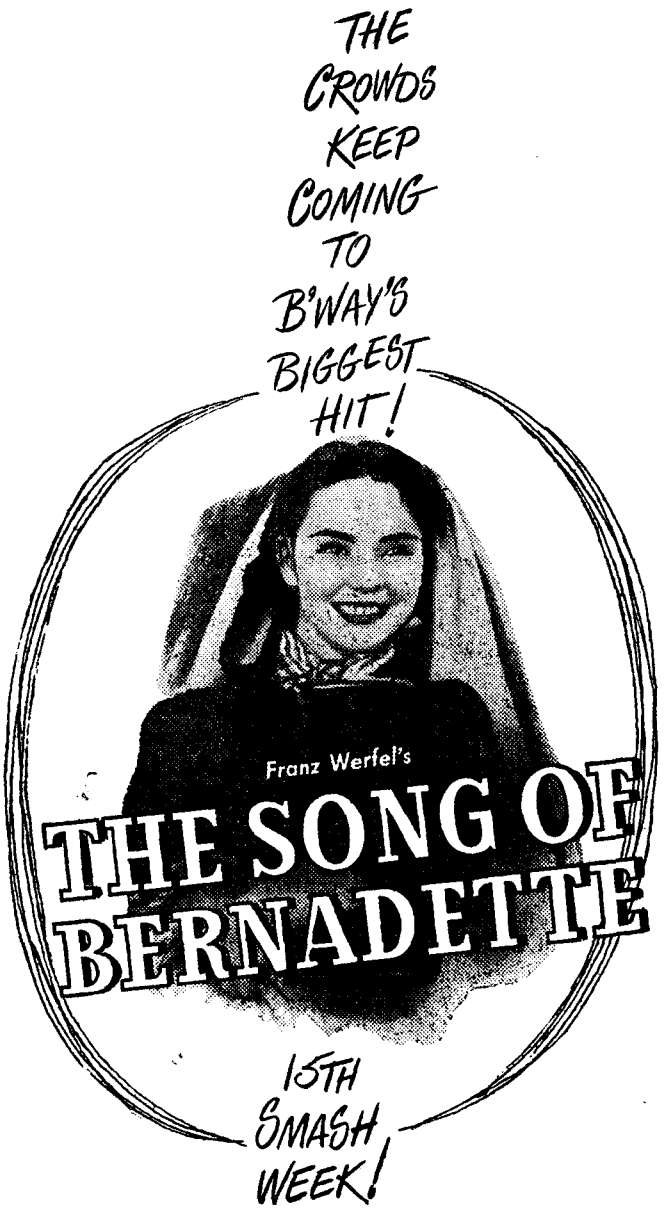
It is my opinion that the author, Elsa Shelley, has accomplished a well-made, serious play. Depicting an afternoon in a Juvenile Court of the city, Miss Shelley presents the case of The World vs. one Elizabeth Collins, a bewildered fifteen-year-old child whose random misadventures result in her contrived arrest by the police, her subsequent investigation which proves her to be diseased, and her ultimate detention in an institution. Following the ordinary course of court procedure, conducted by a Judge whose sympathy and integrity are unquestionable, the piece unfolds with a maximum of suspense and its personages emerge increasingly as *characters* during the stage-time spent. A subsidiary love-theme is poignantly introduced by a schoolboy friend of the girl's, whose pathetic and heroic plans for her escape provide further tension; and the over-all impact is undoubtedly furthered by the realistic devices employed. Moreover, Miss Shelley displays an ability which, to me, marks her as a dramatist of choice. In addition to her dialogue—swift and colloquial—she also manages to scheme a number of small vital situations which can only be projected by *acting*—with no lines spoken at all. Needless to say, such a method makes for moments inherent only to the theatre—usually the most memorable moments of all—and the process almost always produces a heightened excellence of playing. It is easy for more experienced reporters than I to remark that such drama is commonplace in most of the closed juvenile courtrooms of the land. In a long season of theater going, I have seen far too little of it on the stage and feel that it constitutes a most excellent use of the medium. I am grateful to the producers.

Miss Shelley's determined faith in her interpreters has been amply justified. I have not seen a more sensitive and skilful job of directing than Roy Hargrave's: the piece is played to the hilt in every part, a subtle variety of pace is maintained, the right scenes happen in the right places on the set. In the rôle of Elizabeth, I think not nearly enough has been said about Pamela Rivers, hereby making her debut in town. Perhaps the easiest way to define this astonishing performance is to say that Miss Rivers differs from her young associates on the street simply by an excess of talent. No amount of coaching could produce her surety, her amazing vocal range, most of all, her reserve of feeling which dictates every reading, gesture, pause. It is fascinating to find her at the curtain-call, a blooming, coordinated, very attractive kid, and to realize that the pinched little match-girl we had been watching was wholly the result of art. Very, very good stuff. There is, of course, nothing too good to be said for William Harrigan's Judge; and for the rest, I thought Kathryn Grill, my admired Doro Merande, Marvin Forde, Zachary A. Charles were all fine. Watson Barratt's single set was complete although it struck me as needing to be aged a bit. I have no idea how long this piece will run, but I wish some of you could manage to see it. (*At the 48th Street.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Prophet Without Honor

JOHN FARROW, who gave us "Wake Island," one of the first and best pictures about our fighting men in this war, now gives us the first really serious picture



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about the leader and satellites who made Germany what it is today. Perhaps the most amazing thing about *"The Hitler Gang"* is its absence of cheapness and sensationalism. Here, if ever, is a subject about which the film makers might have gone melodramatic in a big way; but if they had, they would have spoiled just the effect they succeeded in getting. "The Hitler Gang" is done in a semi-documentary manner, in straightforward exposition without screaming editorializing. Executive Producer G. B. De Sylva, Associate Producer Joseph Sistrom and Director John Farrow deserve unstinted praise for the high quality of the production, for the good and restrained acting throughout and for their temperate telling of the most astounding story of our time.

The film traces the career of Adolf Hitler from 1918, when the Corporal lay blinded in a hospital and the doctors shook their heads over this paranoic victim of shock, to the Blood Purge in 1934 which left in its gory wake the Fuehrer as the triumphant head of all Germany. There follows a short epilogue in quick montage that shows the fall of one European country after the other and suggests the inevitable retribution and doom catching up with the destroyers. Although one might know well this already famous story, its visualization in "The Hitler Gang" proves interesting. It can by no means be classed as entertainment, but as a study of the leaders of Germany, as a survey of how these men got that way, it is an outstanding cinematic contribution. Perhaps its foremost point of distinction is that it makes its characters understandable, particularly its central figure, the fanatic who believes in himself, who sees himself as an inspired savior and who is oblivious of the contributions of luck and the gang who are anxious to use him and play along with him.

Practically every performance throughout this unusual picture is noteworthy for its apprehension of the character portrayed. The director and actors have studied the facts about the men themselves as well as newsreels and German films for characteristic gestures and expressions. Wally Westmore omitted no detail in supervising the various make-ups. It is difficult to single out members of the cast, but along with Robert Watson's startling impersonation of Hitler (which slights neither the Leader's persuasive voice nor megalomania) praise must go to Victor Varconi (Hess), Roman Bohnen (Roehm), Martin Koslock (Goebbels), Alexander Pope (Goering), Luis Van Rooten (Himmler), Alexander Granach (Streicher), Tonio Selwart (Rosenberg), Fritz Kortner (Strasser). The only female rôles of importance are played by Helene Thimig and Poldy Dur as Hitler's half-sister and her daughter. The unnatural alliance between Hitler and this niece is portrayed without undue emphasis on its lurid aspects; it and the murder that follow are offered as further evidence of the abnormality of this hysterical opportunist who became Number One Man in Germany.

The picture also makes clear the position and sentiments of his gang, the men who were willing to work with Hitler as long as it was to their advantage. Although some of this group fell by the wayside or were felled in the purge, the others learned how to make themselves indispensable and how even to manage the Fuehrer. The film's greatest weakness is in its portrayal of the opposition. It registers the vehement protests of Cardinal von Faulhaber and Pastor Niemoeller, but outside of depicting the dire conditions and unrest among the German people who were practically ready to follow any leader, the picture gives the impression that the rise of the Hitler Gang was a little too easy. The aging General von Hindenburg is used as a symbol of a dying country. One frequently wonders where were the People while the Gangsters came into control. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett wrote the film's intelligent and careful script; I wish someone could have persuaded them and Farrow to make the position of the decent German people clearer and more important. Nevertheless "The Hitler Gang" provides much food for thought—especially for its vivid portraits of these men who in 1918 "before the last shot was fired, were already planning for the next World War."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

A Haunted House and Other Stories. *Virginia Woolf. Harcourt.* $2.00.

Enriqueta and I. *Argentina Diaz Lozano. Farrar.* $2.50.

Mr. Roosevelt. *Compton Mackenzie. Dutton.* $3.75.

The Attentive Artist

THERE is not much danger of anyone in America trying to write as carefully as Virginia Woolf; the danger is that soon, here, there will hardly be anyone who knows or cares that there exists such a manner of writing. Probably a certain number of poets write as carefully, feel their way among their emotions as carefully, look at objects and people as carefully. But not our prose writers. Not many of them. Of course we all work hard, and there is also something very healthy in our mistrust of any too elaborate a style. Seeking directness and simplicity, we have escaped from the elaborate and the artificial. A chair is meant to sit in, we say, and it is true that no one in his senses would work now at putting in the bright inlay, the marquetry, that once was thought so decorative; a chair is built at the right elevation, the correct angle to fit the body—a functional chair.

And that is true enough. A style is functional, always, and so it is the body of our thought which has changed. We are not comfortable in the compound, balanced, intricately sure architecture of the great Donne periods, nor at ease in any number of more recent modes. One may say that we try to write as people talk—conversation not stenographically reproduced, but talk still, truer because stylized. But then even the beautifully balanced periods of the past were no more than stylized talk; and so it is our talk also that has changed. Our rhetoric has changed and mainly in the direction of a certain simplicity and almost a certain coarseness. Not so much toward vulgarity as toward a certain immediacy of sensation. The rhythms, then, will be simpler and may be monotonous—however beautiful.

If this is the tone of the talk and writing of our times there must remain a mistrust for any style—for any mind, for any talk—which rejects the simpler insistences of repetition and understatement. The experi-

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mental writers, the aristocratic writers, have to be translated into our common language; their discoveries made acceptable.

These stories by Virginia Woolf are interesting because they are the material by which countless stories could be nourished. A tenuous material if you are looking for action or facts or plots; but the material of art itself, if what counts is the supreme attention of the artist to the subject considered. An attention that does not move forward carried along by submission to a subjective and predetermined rhythm; an attention which is held up by commas, and semicolons; then advances a step and pauses, fearful always of being detached from the perception of each detail, each immediate and essential detail of truth. In the "Duchess and the Jeweller" here is the entrance of the Duchess: "And as a wave breaks, she broke, as she sat down, spreading and splashing and falling over Oliver Bacon, the great jeweller, covering him with sparkling bright colors, green, rose, violet; and odors; and iridescences; and rays shooting from fingers, nodding from plumes, flashing from silk; for she was very large, very fat, tightly girt in pink taffeta, and past her prime. As a parasol with many flounces, as a peacock with many feathers, shuts its flounces, folds its feathers, so she subsided and shut herself as she sank down in the leather armchair."

If one thinks about these few sentences they make much of what we read, the pleasure we take in the strong drink of contemporary eloquence, look rather tawdry. This little bit is just a description, a metaphor or two. But look how it is done and at the care with which it is done. A fat Duchess—and yet that is the way to describe death or love, the stars or the trees and all of the mystery at which we hardly dare to look. That is the way to write. It is not a question of form in itself and certainly not a matter of imitating a certain style. It is only that once in a while a style, a form, reveal the original spirit which they serve and remind us that it is through the spirit that we see.

The Latin Touch

DOCUMENTS with a genuine ring to them emanating from the other Americas display several marked contrasts to counterparts in the United States. This is particularly true of autobiographies or novels with a filmy fictional disguise, where authors express themselves most freely and most directly. Compared with what we produce, Latin American literature is both more sentimental and more knowing in a worldly way. It has its flowery flights. There is also a pervasive sadness about it, due in large measure to hard and insecure conditions of daily existence. Affection for family, animals, native land are more passionate; people are quicker to anger, quicker to forgive. "Enriqueta and I" by Argentina Diaz Lozano points to a whole series of such differences.

Honduras is the scene of this passionate story of a little girl's love for her mother, Enriqueta, for whom life was difficult. They had to move from place to place, from school to school, where the brave Enriqueta could earn their bread by teaching; it often necessitated dependence upon the hospitality of relatives. But to the daughter, Elena, who begins her story in her seventh year and ends it in her sixteenth, nothing mattered much so long as the two could be together.

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erty and virtual serfdom circumscribe the lives of these oppressed men and women is shown on many a page. Tortillas and beans have to serve for breakfast, dinner and supper. One of the most moving scenes is the gratitude of an unlettered Indian of middle age for the teaching and spiritual insight Enriqueta brought to him in his remote mountain village and the despair graven on his features when she moved on. The other scourge is more spasmodic, that of political revolution.

Except for Enriqueta's never clearly indicated marital status and her explicit comments on remarriage, the story is genuinely Catholic in feeling. Elena's personal comments and constructive criticism of life in a convent school are very real and convincing. As she grows older her reactions to the world become increasingly feminine, self-assertive and intense. Here is a sample of her enthusiasm: "A bright sun rose upon the world, and my admiring eyes took in the wooded landscape of my native land. I felt myself part of the earth, of the rocks, of the distant horizon where dark mountains reared themselves aloft, of the deep blue sky, of the fresh stimulating air, of the hills and the trees."

British View of an American

THERE is a peculiar quality of unreality, for an American reader, in Mr. Compton's Mackenzie's account of the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. One wonders whether this unreality springs from Mr. Mackenzie's not being an American, or whether it springs more from his living on a remote outpost of the British Isles. Perhaps both circumstances enter into the result. Nor is this to say that Mr. Mackenzie makes many howlers; he is unusually well acquainted with our manners and customs. Only once does he fall into a trap. He tells us that Mr. Roosevelt was early confronted with a choice between Annapolis and Groton. In so doing, of course, he is basing himself upon something which would be true in England but is ridiculous in America. In England, Dartmouth, the training school for naval officers, is a "secondary" school to which boys go in their early teens, precisely as they do to Groton here. Whereas, of course, the choice for Mr. Roosevelt would have to be conceived as coming two or three years later, when he was ready for college. Only one boner in a book is a pretty good record for an Englishman writing on an American subject; the beautiful and unquestioning assurance of superiority which makes our cousins across the sea so maddening on occasion must be strongly tempered in Mr. Mackenzie's case—perhaps by the fact that he is a convinced Christian.

To Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Roosevelt is a full-fledged—even a providential—hero. And since our author is outside American party politics, the President is his hero in a very different sense from what you might expect. He is a hero because of his foresight and leadership; he is no sense a partisan hero. Of course in fact Mr. Roosevelt, however heroic or unheroic history may find him to have been, is very much a partisan hero. He is liked and disliked on an almost strictly partisan basis—only a very few persons appraise him for himself alone, out of the framework of his public advocacies. And so as you read Mr. Mackenzie's pages you feel almost as though you were reading about someone in another world, perhaps even in another age, except that the landscape is our own landscape and the places are our own places—New York and Washington and Hyde Park and San Francisco. This of course is part of the reason for the book's seeming unreality. Yet it would be a very good thing for many Americans to read this book so that they may get some notion of the peculiar prestige enjoyed by Mr. Roosevelt outside the boundaries of the United States, not only in Great Britain but in South America and, for all we know, in Europe. It is a prestige which should be included in our own judgment, for it can be very helpful to our relations with other countries, and a failure to appreciate it can have tragic consequences. Whether you like it or not, it simply is a fact in the present world political situation.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Mackenzie writes fluently and in a fashion to hold a reader. In this book he falls far short of making any great contribution to biographical writing, but he is not in any sense dull. And "Mr. Roosevelt" is peculiarly enriched with illustrations, most of them interesting, whether or not you like the present occupant of the White House.

More Books of the Week

A Time Is Born. Garet Garrett. Pantheon. $2.50.

THIS unusual book could only have been written by an American, with such ardent optimism in the midst of a somber crisis, with an amateur's daring simplification of problems about which the learned specialists have written whole libraries, with the calculating imagination of a big business mentality. Here is economic history from paradise lost, when all things became "full of labor," to the vision of a paradise regained by world-wide harmony. All this is written not in the style of scholarly textbooks, but rather in that of a lyric. Though I am sure that Garrett is very much less than wholly right in his analysis and his predictions, his book seems to me both exciting and inspiring.

It is a widespread conviction the world over that our age of technology has enforced man's adaptation to the machine. The materialists think that this is wonderful, and claim that "progress" is secured by developing all the possibilities granted to mankind by industrial exploitation. The romanticists, on the other hand, are convinced that the present rule over men by things and machines is diabolical, and that it really means the unleashing of dark powers over which men may finally lose control, like some Goethe's "sorcerer's apprentice." They therefore wish to protect the last vestiges of the human soul against technocracy and deny that economic evolution has brought greater human happiness.

But as a matter of fact, technics are neither good nor bad. It is the will of human beings that develops human values. Without the human intention behind machines, they are nothing but hulks of inert matter. Garet Garrett no doubt sees this point; he claims that all wheels are turned by human faith. He insists that the machine has not at all escaped the control of the human mind. Man has realized that hegemony on this earth belongs to that nation which can command the greatest mass and velocity of machinery. Therefore not technology but human ambition is the cause of our civilization's turning toward world anarchy.

After such convincing argumentation, you might expect the author to ask for a change of mind in order that a less perverted human will should lead the forces of technology to serve the common good of all mankind. But suddenly Garet Garrett changes about and gives you a prophecy, at

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the same time fatalistic and optimistic: that the forces of technical development themselves will harmonize human life. The American voluntarist suddenly follows somewhat in the steps of Spencer and Comte and Marx and all the other European utopists, who believed that there was no real escape from "progress." To our author this age of crisis is nothing but an intermezzo in world history. As the machine enriched man's prosperity and led toward freedom from want, so alchemic technology will lead future generations toward freedom from fear by ending the present disastrous division of the nations into producers of raw materials and makers of finished goods. Hitherto man has acted on the outwardness of matter as he found it.Now in the dawning age of chemical technology he needs only the energies of sunshine—stored in oil and coal and other raw materials—in any form and will be able to command the form he wants. Thus making alcohol from plant life, we make solar energy in a liquid state. We have learned to redesign the molecule. Industries become more and more dependent on synthetic processes and independent of the possession of natural raw materials.

Thus the distinction between industrial and non-industrial countries will disappear, according to our author. The dense masses in the industrial big cities of today will partly disperse, returning to the soil, as agriculture becomes more and more a chemical science. Garrett does not expect the Marxian behemoth of industrialization; he thinks that bigness will cease to be a problem and give way to formations of optimum size, and to a civilization richer in variety, overcoming present mass thinking.

Here is a vision much nearer to the ideas of the founding fathers and the best traditions of America than totalitarian bowing at the shrine of the "common man."

MAX FISCHER.

Revolutions in Russia. G. R. Treviranus. Harper. $3.00.

THIS brief history of modern Russia is more notable as a sound summary of the leading political events of the past hundred years than as a brilliant new interpretation of the whole period. The author does well to stress the importance of the 1905 outbreak and of the Saint Petersburg Soviet of that day, for he demonstrates convincingly the formative influence of those experiences on the Revolution of a dozen years later. The leaders were all ready; the models for their revolt and their new institutions had already been tried by fire.

Mr. Treviranus, who served as a member of the Bruening Cabinet and for an even longer period as a member of the Reichstag, presents a penetrating schema of the USSR's present foreign policy. It resolves into a series of zones. To achieve security the Kremlin first envisages a Zone of Incorporation (into the Soviet Union) of the three Baltic States, part of Finnish Karelia, White Russia and the Western Ukraine (formerly under Polish dominion), Northern Bukovina and Bessarabia. "In the second line of defense the Zone of Infiltration, or security sphere, any form of government will be recognized if the country in question accepts Russian tutelage in foreign and military matters." Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, Iran, Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia are believed to be included in this zone. Next a Zone of Interrogation, including the rest of Europe—except for Denmark, Holland, the British Isles and the Iberian Peninsula—together with the countries of the Near East, Japan and China.

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Here strong good neighborly relations "must" prevail, especially in cultural and economic matters. In times of crisis this zone could be extended on its geographical fringes (India, Britain, Africa, the Dutch East Indies, etc.). Russia would be content merely to be kept informed as to plans and operations in the Americas, Australia and Polynesia, her fourth security sphere or Zone of Information.

All this substantiates the belief that the USSR has some limits to its territorial and political ambitions. Yet how many other nations have so clearly divided off the world into spheres of their own security? There is more to be learned in this book than successful tactics of revolution.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Way Our People Lived. W. E. Woodward. Dutton. $3.95.

FROM 1652 to 1908 the author has reconstructed forty-two imaginary scenes, one from each generation or so, illustrating the life of the common people, chiefly, of course, along our Eastern seaboard. The narratives are quite encyclopedic. Thus: "Forks were not unknown [in 1680] . . . The humble appliance was generally scorned, and colonial folks went to a great deal of trouble to avoid using it. Expert knife-users who could balance a slippery piece of food on their knives were paid the respect that is usually given in our time to parlor magicians. . . .

> I eat my peas with honey;
> I've done it all my life.
> It makes the peas taste funny,
> But it keeps them on my knife. . . .

Before each person at the table stood a small ewer of water in which he would dip his hands and wipe them with a napkin. As a result many napkins were used at each meal."

Thus one is reminded of the way our ancestors lived their daily lives. The description of a journey from New York to Cincinnati in 1836 and of four young men in the gold rush are the most startling chapters.

Bibliography but no index. E. L. KEYES.

Atlas of Global Geography. Erwin Raisz. Harper. $3.50. *The Geography of the Peace. Nicholas J. Spykman. Harcourt.* $2.75.

THE first of these is a sketchy projection and description of the world in spherical terms—as opposed to the old, flat mercator projection map atlases. It embodies fascinating bits of information on the workings of this earth. Professor Spykman's geopolitics of the peace is also conceived in spherical terms, although he admits that the movement of great masses of material in the foreseeable future will depend upon seagoing ships (which can at least follow the great circle contour of the earth). He views America as encircled by potentially hostile forces; only the continuance of friendly or non-aggressive powers on the "rimlands" of Europe and Asia can guarantee our security henceforth. It is to be regretted that the author manifests so little faith in international collaboration, but his analysis of the presumable power factors is worth taking into account. An interesting slant on our future is the conviction that while polar routes are not yet feasible, great circle airways through Alaska and the

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Aleutians and through Greenland and Iceland are practicable in the immediate future.

To the untutored in this special subject the best parts of both of these volumes are the maps and charts, which despite the small number of pages in each volume, are provided in abundance. The great circle distance and routes between points on the earth's surface bring forth entirely new conceptions of distance and relationships.

The conclusions to be drawn are the debatable aspect of this approach to world politics. Isolationists can find little comfort in these pages. But Professor Spykman does contend (in these posthumous notes edited by his associate, Helen R. Nicoll) that for the time being "we shall continue to depend primarily on our own national strength, for we know that the failure of a great state to consider power means its eventual destruction and conquest." That approach could lead to a new imperialism which also has its dangers. The collaboration he envisages with Russia and Great Britain would lessen this, but the eventual aim of our foreign policy will have to encompass much more universal collaboration in international matters.

The Four Gospels. Dom John Chapman, O. S. B. Sheed. $1.25.

THIS is a very welcome little volume to anyone who would for the first time learn how our Gospels were composed. So often one forgets that their authors were real men, living very near to the scenes and the events of our Lord's life. Abbot Chapman, in four lectures delivered in the late twenties before the University of Cambridge, has brought together the evidence for the date, authorship and purpose of each Gospel. Moreover, by virtue of his accurate scholarship and deep knowledge of the whole subject, he writes with a firmness and lucidity that delight and convince. He knows all the apparatus and arguments of the critics, recent and remote, and above all he knows and loves the Fathers. He has joined knowledge with sympathy, scholarship with devotion, and one feels that here we have a guide who loves his terrain. Here is one who could tell us all this and so much more, if we stayed to listen, about the Evangelists and their relationships and their background and entourage; one would like to have heard Dom John giving these lectures and then afterwards lead him on to talk about Saint Luke and Saint John, for it is certain that profound wisdom and knowledge lie back of these fascinating chapters. At the end of the book, in the Appendix, one reads a succinct catena of Patristic passages dealing with the evidence for authorship and composition, and finally the decisions of the Pontifical Biblical Commission. We commend this little book to each and all.

RICHARD FLOWER.

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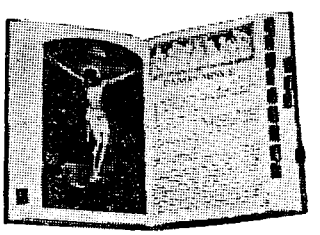

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RELIGIOUS ART TODAY by Philip R. Adams, Director of the Columbus, Ohio, Gallery of Fine Arts, is a critical appreciation of the Dayton Art Institute's current exhibition of modern Religious Art. And it is more than this. For Mr. Adams comes to grips with the whole artistic problem of expressing religious ideas in terms of the day in which we live. An important project and an illuminating evaluation of it.

AMERICAN PROSPECT by Gregory Feige is a thoughtful analysis of the ideas of Norman Thomas, perennial Socialist Party candidate and leading promulgator of Social-Democrat ideas. It is a call to ever greater democratization and foresighted solutions of the nation's postwar problems. An important analysis of the ideas of one of our leading political figures.

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